THE KINGSLEY ENGLISH TEXTS

JULIUS CÆSAR

SHAKESPEARE

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The Kingsley English Texts

SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED, WITH NOTES, OUTLINE STUDY AND EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

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PREFACE.

The plays of Shakespeare, as first produced under the direction of the author, were acted practically without scenery or stage accessories of any kind and in costumes differing from the ordinary dress of the sixteenth century only where the sense of the lines absolutely demanded some distinctive article of apparel. The play of JULIUS CÆSAR, however, follows so closely the actual events of an important crisis of the world's history, that it seems necessary to make some attempt to describe the actual costumes and surroundings of the living persons whose deeds and character form the groundwork of the drama.

These descriptions are not, of course, put forward as a practical scheme for staging the play. It has, however, been kept in mind that it is Shakespeare's play and not Roman History that is being illustrated, and no more violence has been done to the ideas of the dramatist than is done whenever one of Shakespeare's dramas is produced on the modern stage.

The authorities followed are Plutarch, Suetonius' Lives of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, and Cicero's Philippics, for the persons and events; Guhl and Koner's "Life of the Greeks and Romans" and Harper's Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, for the costumes and accessories; and various recent maps,

plans, and descriptions of Ancient Rome, for the localities.

The editors believe that the descriptions or "scene-settings" will materially aid the student in visualizing the scenes; and that this feature, with the inclusion of the Kingsley Outline Study in the place of elaborate notes, justifies their edition of the play.

Brief foot-notes on each page are easily accessible, which seems a better arrangement than more voluminous ones that must be hunted up at a waste of time and a dissipation of attention.

THE EDITORS.

Boston, Mass.
May 1st, 1908.

INTRODUCTION.

1. CHARACTER OF THE PLAY.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" is a dramatization of that portion of Plutarch's Lives of Cæsar and Brutus which deals with Cæsar's assassination, the circumstances which led up to it, and the events which followed in consequence of it. It carries the reader to Rome in the early Spring of the year 44 B. C., and brings before him Brutus and Cæsar: — the former, the patriotic dreamer, who would sacrifice his country's interests for its ideals; the latter, the practical politician, coldly and selfishly ambitious, offering his country peace and prosperity at the price of its liberty.

2. HISTORICAL FOUNDATION OF THE PLAY.

The historical events upon which the play is founded are, briefly, as follows: — Caius Julius Cæsar, a Roman noble, general, and politician, after a long civil war in which he had been opposed by the greater part of the nobility and by a rival general, Cneius Pompeius, had made himself master of the Roman State (B. C. 46), and had ruled with all the power of a monarch, although he had rejected the royal title and insignia. The rule of Cæsar was enlightened, humane, and just. Under his strong hand, the state enjoyed a condition of safety and orderly government to which it had long been a stranger; and the poorer citizens

were relieved from the domination of a narrow-minded and selfish nobility. These considerations made Cæsar's usurpation acceptable to the masses of the Roman people; but a powerful faction of the nobility could not endure that Rome should submit to a despot after so long and glorious a career as a republic, nor that they themselves should be obliged to recognize as master a man who had been no more than their equal. As Cæsar had no heir who seemed capable of becoming his successor, it seemed to the malcontent nobles that Cæsar's life was the only obstacle to the restoration of the republican constitution. To remove this obstacle, a conspiracy was formed, as the result of which Cæsar was stabbed to death in the Senate House, March 15th, B. C. 44. His slayers justified their crime, which was complicated in the case of many of them by circumstances of the blackest treachery and ingratitude, by the argument that any means are justifiable by which patriotic citizens may rid their country of a tyrant.

The only result of the murder of Cæsar was to let loose an avalanche of anarchy of which the conspirators were the first victims. Expelled from Rome by the hostile mob excited by Cæsar's generals, Antonius and Lepidus, most of the conspirators ended their lives miserably, — in battle, by suicide, or at the hands of the executioner; and the Romans, thoroughly convinced that freedom and orderly government were incompatible, sought only a wise and capable master.

Him they found in Cæsar's nephew and adopted son, Octavius.

3. LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY.

The play of "JULIUS CÆSAR," although not usually classed among the historical dramas of Shakespeare, has every claim to be considered one of them. So far as it goes, there is no better authority for any period of human history than is the work of Plutarch for the last days of the Roman Republic; and Shakespeare follows his author with a literalness almost painful. In truth, the crisis of the death of Cæsar is one of those rare occasions when the actual events of history group themselves in the form of a stupendous living drama, in comparison with which the highest efforts of dramatic genius must seem puny and trivial. It is, perhaps, for this reason, that, as a purely literary production, this play must be assigned to a secondary position among its author's works. It seems to have been written wholly for the stage; and, as an example of the playwright's art, it is a marvel; but no characters are created and no dramatic situations are conceived. The actors, the incidents, and, with the exception of the funeral oration of Antony, the very speeches are transferred bodily from the dry prose history. In the popular estimation, however, "JULIUS CÆSAR" has always ranked very high, both as a play and as an interpretation of history. It would be hard to find any production of equal length that has furnished so many current quotations and

stock expressions to the English language; and, owing to the universal acquaintance with this play, the characters of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony seem to the English reader as lifelike and real as any names recorded in the history of his own race.

4. THE FOUR PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

Cæsar.—The actual, living Cæsar acts but a minor part in the play that bears his name. The political ideas of Shakespeare's time, reflected in the conventions of the stage, would not allow the representation of a usurper with that majesty of thought and action which was the conventional attribute of the legitimate monarch. Still less would historic truth allow Cæsar to be represented as a vulgar tyrant trampling under foot all that was best and noblest in the state. Shakespeare's Cæsar, when his presence on the stage is necessary to carry on the action of the drama, moves and talks with the self satisfied dignity of a man who has every reason to be proud of his career thus far, and who feels confident that the Romans will know when they are well off, and will legalize his position for the future. (Study, also, Outline Note 19).

Brutus.—Brutus is the real hero of the play; and the process by which the high-minded and chivalrous nobleman becomes a treacherous assassin is the essential basis of the first half of the action. Brutus does not, like Cassius, feel the usurpation of Cæsar as a personal grievance. Cæsar has not only freely forgiven him for his enmity during the Civil War, but

has made him his friend and confidant. Some secret misgivings as to the nature of Cæsar's power have seized him and have made the procession of I i. seem disgusting foolery. Brutus drops out of the throng of flatterers; and the tempter, his brother-in-law, Cassius, seizes the opportunity. *"There was a Brutus, once,"* he says. This little spark kindles a flame to which Casca's artfully careless description of Cæsar's conduct with the diadem adds fuel. At home, the frowning image of the elder Brutus silently reproaches his unworthy descendant. No form of political opposition can be made effective. One life alone stands between Rome and liberty. That life must be taken; and by whose hand, if not that of Brutus? Cæsar is his friend; but the elder Brutus, to his eternal glory, had witnessed the death agonies of his own son in the hands of the executioner, when that son had merely thought of doing that which Cæsar has already done. In a vague, dreamy fashion he takes the lead in the conspiracy, since the glory of freeing his country belongs by right to Brutus. *"Et tu, Brute!"* Cæsar's dying words, shatter this dream of glory; the eyes of his friend and benefactor had seen in him nothing but a common assassin; his explanation to the people might have justified him in a meeting of philosophers, but it availed him nothing against Antony's impassioned appeal to the prejudice and self interest of the mob. "Like a madman," he rides from Rome; and is at last driven to suicide by failure and remorse.

Cassius.—Cassius is a man of another stamp. He is older than Brutus, a matured man of the world. Jealousy and wounded pride are the sources of his hatred. He does not owe his life to Cæsar's clemency; since he has made peace with him on equal terms at the head of an unconquered fleet and army. Cæsar has honored and advanced him; but who is Cæsar that he should be able to honor and advance the general who saved Syria from the Parthians? Honors flung to a proud-spirited man by an equal who has passed him in ambition's race are stinging insults; but even if Cassius were willing to stoop to the trade of the courtier, his rough nature and impetuous temper would disqualify him for such employment. He sees that the devoted and obsequious Antony, Brutus, the urbane and courtly philosopher, and men like them or worse will soon close the gate of honor on the stubborn and quick-tempered soldier. He is not, like Brutus, a worshipper of Republican ideals; but he knows that of such men as he the old Roman Republic was made; and he shares with Brutus the delusion that the death of Cæsar will at once restore the old constitution.

Antony.—The character of Antony, as described by Plutarch, is that of a skillful political gambler, prodigal in prosperity, careless in adversity. A man who, in a troubled time, might well attain ambition's highest rewards, but who could never be accepted by a sane people as a nation's guardian. To this character,

the dramatist has added a touch of genuine feeling. In the play, Antony's devoted admiration for his friend and benefactor is deep-seated and sincere. He will stake everything else on the one more throw of the political dice which he asks from Cæsar's murderers. If they win, he will be their slave; but not their friend. The known sincerity of his friendship for the dead gives his funeral oration its decisive effect. *"He was my friend"; "My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar":* — such expressions must ring true if they are to be effective; and it is the true ring of human sympathy that rouses the storm of indignation against the cold arguments of the safer leaders.

JULIUS CÆSAR

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A STREET.

Note. This opening scene, without a single didactic line, shows (1) That the commanding position of Cæsar rests largely on the favor of the fickle and unthinking mob; (2) that opposition to him is strong among patriotic and thoughtful men.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

A street corner formed by the intersection of a street leading from the poorer quarters of the city with the "Sacred Way," along which triumphal processions passed to the Capitol. In the foreground is a street about thirty feet wide paved with blocks of lava; to the right are the lofty Corinthian columns of a temple; to the left, a marble portico. In the background is a wider street, with the Forum (an open square devoted to public assemblies) in the distance. A bust of Cæsar, crowned with a diadem and adorned with streamers and garlands, is conspicuous in the foreground.

(2). *Actors.*

Certain Commoners. These were some of the Plebeians or poorer citizens of Rome. (These Plebeians were not merely distinct social class, but a separate political order as well, with well-defined privileges and duties).

Flavius & Marullus. Tribunes of the Commons. (Officers chosen expressly to watch over the Plebeian Order).

(3). *Costumes.*

The Tribunes wear the distinctive Roman toga—a shawl or cloak made of a single piece of pure white woolen

cloth, about five yards long and four yards wide. This cloth is thrown over the left shoulder and wrapped in graceful folds so as to cover the whole body from the neck to below the knees, except the right arm, which is bare. Their heads are bare; their feet and ankles are encased in high laced boots of leather.

The Commons are dressed in the same manner except that their togas are not pure white, but dingy brown or black, the natural color of the wool; and their foot coverings are clumsy sandals strapped across the naked foot and ankle.

(4). *Time of Action.* February 15, 44 B. C.

THE TEXT

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical,[1] you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9

1 "Since you are but a common artisan."

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.[2]

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty[3] knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! 20

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.[4]

2 "A bungling workman."

3 Worthless.

4 This comic by-play is a favorite comedy device of early playwrights. Shakespeare never pretends to pedantic realism. Wherever the scene of his drama may be laid, the actors speak and think in English.

Suggestion.—Write sentences containing the words **mechanical, cobble, naughty and naught** and compare the modern English with the Elizabethan meaning.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey.[5] Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?[6]
And do you now strew flowers in his way

5 Outline Study B., I., 1, a—c
6 "Is this a suitable day to choose for a holiday?"

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?[7]
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremony.[8]
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.[9]
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

7 Pompey's sons.

8 Ceremonial decorations.

9 A yearly feast held on February 15, first instituted in honor of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. "Many young noblemen," says Plutarch, describing this festival, "run up and down the city with their upper garment off, striking all they meet with thongs of hide, by way of sport."

Suggestion.—What effect is produced by the change in lines 45-53 from the declarative to the interrogative form?

And drive away the vulgar[10] from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men 79
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

10 The common people.

Sugggestion.—Trace the word **vulgar** to its present meaning. Cf. "**vulgar** fractions." Paraphrase the last four lines of this scene.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT I.—SCENE II.—A PUBLIC PLACE.

Note. This scene introduces all the principal characters of the drama; unfolds the plot of the play; and, for the moment, convinces the reader of the patriotic necessity for thwarting the ambition of Cæsar.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The north end of the Forum. In the foreground, is a paved open square. The background is formed by the Temple of Concord with its elaborate Corinthian pillars, elevated high above the street and approached by a grand marble stairway. In the distance, over the gilded roof of the temple, is seen the top of the Capitol with its colossal gilded statue of Jupiter.

(2.) *Actors.*

Caius, Julius Cæsar, Perpetual Dictator and Consul of the Roman people. (See page x).

Cæsar is a man of fifty five years of age; tall and somewhat spare, but with a full, firm face; fair complexion; and large expressive black eyes.

Marcus Antonius, Cæsar's Colleague in the Consulship. He appears in this scene as one of the officiating priests of the Lupercalia.

Antony is a man of forty. He has a full black beard, and short, crisp, black hair cut high on the forehead. His eyes are black and piercing.

Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar.

Portia, the wife of Brutus.

Decius (Decimus) Brutus, one of the most trusted of Cæsar's generals and friends; of the same family, but not a near kinsman of Marcus Brutus.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, Senator and former Consul, the greatest orator and most learned man among the Romans of his day.

Cicero is a man of more than sixty years; but is still vigorous and erect. His face is that of a scholar and a philosopher,—round and full with a rather weak expression about the mouth and chin. He has a high forehead and thin gray hair.

Caius Cassius Longinus, Senator and Prætor. Next to Cæsar himself, Rome's most distinguished general. (See page xii).

Cassius may be represented as a tall thin man of fifty, with a sallow complexion, black eyes, and a rough, grizzled beard.

Publius Servilius Casca, a young nobleman.

Marcus Junius Brutus, Senator and Prætor. (See page x).

Brutus is a young man with smoothly shaven face, aquiline nose, and large intelligent eyes.

The Crowd is composed of male citizens, mainly of the poorer class.

The Soothsayer, probably an Etruscan. He carries in his hand the curved staff, the badge of the official augurs.

(3). *Costumes.*

Cæsar wears a toga of a rich purple color fastened on the right shoulder with a jewelled brooch. He wears a golden circlet on his head as an ornament. (Cicero, *Philippic II.*).

The Ladies wear the dress of the Roman matron,—the *stola,* hanging from the shoulders to the ground, belted at the waist, forming a skirt; and the *palla,* a garment very much like the toga, folded about the body to form an overdress. Both garments are of silk and may have been either white, violet, purple or blue. Light sandals are strapped on the bare feet. Both ladies wear as much jewelry as can be attached to their persons. In accordance with the Roman custom, they are not walking, but are seated or are reclining each in an elaborately carved sedan chair or palanquin, borne by four tall slaves clothed in scarlet tunics. This vehicle is hung with silk curtains which are drawn back.

Antony is attired for the ceremonial race. He wears a scanty tunic of goatskin strapped over the bare shoulders; legs bare; feet protected by light sandals. In his hand he carries a leather thong or whip.

Brutus & Cassius wear togas with a narrow purple stripe, the mark of senatorial rank.

(4). *Time of the Action.*

Later in the day of i. 1. Cæsar is supposed to have gone up to the Capitol escorted by his triumphal procession; to have offered the sacrifice to Jupiter; and to have dismissed the procession. He is now watching the ceremonies of the Lupercalia.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish.[1] *Enter* Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.[2]

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet.*[3] *Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

1 A blast of trumpets sounded to herald the approach of any person of distinction.

2 March 15th.

3 A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, different from a flourish.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn[4] and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;[5]

4 Harsh.
5 Feeling.

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection,—by some other thing.

Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,[6] gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love

6 "Be not suspicious of me."
Suggestion.—Give the significance of "age's yoke."

To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal[7] them, or if you know
That I profess[8] myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.[9]

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,[10]
And I will look on both indifferently,[11]
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favour.[12]
Well, honour is the subject of my story.[13]

7 In modern English is **scandal** ever a verb?
8 To pretend friendship.
9 See Outline C, I, 6, b.
10 "If with one eye I gazed at honor and with the other beheld death, I would look at each with the same steady gaze" i. e., Death cannot frighten me from the path of honor.
11 Impartially.
12 Personal appearance.
13 See Outline Study note 19.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief[14] not be, as live[14] to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;[15]
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear,[16] so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is

14 Note the play on words.

15 Antagonism.

16 Aeneas, the hero of the "Aeneid" and the legendary founder of the Roman race, escaped from burning Troy, carrying upon his shoulders his aged father Anchises.

A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,[17]
And that same eye whose bend[18] doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper[19] should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.[20]

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

17 "He turned pale." **Carry out the metaphor.**

18 Glance.

19 Temperament.

20 In lines 117-120, Cassius sums up his whole argument—"I am amazed that a man so like ordinary mortals should be treated as if he were a god."

Like a Colossus,[21] and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable[22] graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,[23]
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded[24] more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure[25] with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?[26] Age, thou art sham'd!

21 Cassius refers to the huge statue of Apollo at Rhodes, which, according to tradition, stood astride the mouth of the port, so that ships under full sail could pass between its legs.

22 Destitute of honor. **The word conveys no idea of disgrace as it does in modern English.**

23 "According to astrology, those leading stars which are above the horizon at a person's birth, influence his life and fortune. When those stars are in the ascendant, he is strong, healthy and lucky; but when they are depressed below the horizon, his stars do not shine on him and he is subject to ill-fortune."

24 Repeated.

25 Spirits could be "conjured" or raised up by the utterance of certain magic words.

26 Paraphrase.

Rome, thou has lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,[27]
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd[28]
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;[29]
What you would work me to, I have some aim:[30]
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew[31] upon this:

27 The flood of classic mythology.
28 Endured.
29 Doubtful.
30 Conjecture.
31 Reflect. This is a figurative meaning of the word. **Trace the metaphor.**

Brutus had rather be a villager[32]
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.[33]

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

32 See Outline Study note 9.
33 Paraphrase and explain the metaphor.

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.[34]

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.[35]

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd today,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

34 Well-disposed.
35 See Outline Study note 19.

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus;[36] and then the people fell a-shouting. 222

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted. 230

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay

36 **What would be the significance of such a gesture? Suggestion.**—Note the chief characteristics of Cassius as enumerated by Caesar.

his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 250

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like; he hath the falling sickness.[37]

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.[38]

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 261

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the

37 Epilepsy.

38 "We have to pay homage to Cæsar."

Suggestion.—Point out the difference between Casca's manner of telling a story and that of Cassius.

crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet[39] and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation,[40] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity.[41] Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.[42] I could

39 Shakespeare dressed his characters in Elizabethan costume.

40 "If I had been an artisan."

41 "And as he threw his cloak from his shoulders he called out to his friends that he was ready to offer his throat to anyone who wished to kill him; but afterwards he alleged his disease as an excuse for his behavior, saying that persons who are so affected cannot usually keep their senses steady." **Plutarch.**

42 A "saying" current in modern English.

tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.[43]

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? 290

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution.
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, 300
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

43 "I have an engagement elsewhere."

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:[44] therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;[45] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.[46] I will this night,
In several hands,[47] in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.[48]

[*Exit.*

44 "The finest metal is most easily wrought," i. e., The open ingenuous mind is the easiest prey of the tempter.

45 "Cherish a grudge against me."

46 Influence me. **What would this expression mean in modern English?**

47 "In different styles of handwriting."

48 See Outline Study, B, II, e.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT I.—SCENE III.—A STREET.

Note. In this scene (1) the terrors of the thunder storm are introduced as a manifestation of divine wrath; (2) the opposition to Cæsar becomes a murderous conspiracy.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

In the foreground is a paved street with curbed sidewalk of smaller paving stones. The background is formed by the wall of a private house showing a doorway with Corinthian pilasters on each side, closed by a heavy panelled oak door with a bronze knocker. The walls of the house are of stucco; no windows are on the lower floor; the second story is slightly overhanging and is pierced by small windows closed with wooden shutters.

The scene is at first dark; later it is lighted by lightning flashes, and, dimly, by the torch of Cicero's servant.

(2). *Actors.*

Casca & Cassius. (1. 2.).

Cicero (escorted by a slave bearing a torch).

Cinna, a nobleman and one of the conspirators.

(3). *Costumes.*

Casca and *Cicero* wear the toga as in i. 1; the former carries a short, straight, two-edged sword.

Cinna wears a hooded frieze cloak without sleeves enveloping his whole body. The hood nearly covers his face.

The slave wears a similar cloak of sheepskin without the hood.

(4.) *Time of Action.* One month later than i. 2,—about midnight of the fourteenth of March.

SCENE III. *The Same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway[1] of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy[2] with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

1 Balance.
2 Presumptuous. Compare the modern word **saucy.**

Against the Capitol I met a lion,[3]
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap[4] a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night[5] did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.[6]

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol[7] to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

3 The Romans were passionately fond of contests of beasts with one another, or of men with beasts. Hence wild beasts must have been kept in Rome for this purpose.

4 "In a group."

5 The owl.

6 "I believe that they are signs and omens foretelling disaster to the region **(climate)** in which they appear **(point upon)**.

7 As a matter of fact, Caesar did not go to the Capitol on the morrow, for the Roman Senate did not ordinarily hold its meetings in that place. Caesar was assassinated in "the Senate House built by Pompey" **(Suetonius, Caesar lxxx)** a small building adjacent to Pompey's theater in the Campus Martius.

Suggestion.—What superstitions have always been connected with the owl?

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this![8]
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;[9]
And when the cross[10] blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send

8 "What a night this is!"

9 The ancients believed that a bolt or stone fell from the sky at every flash of lightning and was the cause of the accompanying crash of thunder.

10 "Zigzag."

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,[11]
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,[12]
Why old men fool, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance[13]
Their natures and preformed[14] faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.[15]
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me

11 "Are struck dumb with terror."
12 Understand the verb **change**, expressed in line 66.
13 Established condition.
14 Note the composition of the word.
15 Unnatural condition of affairs.

In personal action, yet prodigious[16] grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews[17] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

16 Portentous. **Cf. the modern meaning of the word.**
17 Muscles.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.[18]
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering[19] tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious[20] for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;

18 Comment on the philosophy of lines 91-102.
19 Sneering.
20 Zealous.

And I do know, by this they stay for me[21]
In Pompey's porch:[22] for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element[23]
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close[24] awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Enter* CINNA.
Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate[25]
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

21 "By this time they are waiting for me."
22 See Note 27.
23 Air. We would say **"weather"** in this connection.
24 Concealed.
25 Associated with.

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue:[26] all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch,[27] where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.[27]
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day [*Exit Cinna.*
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.[28] Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

26 Lucius Junius Brutus, instigated by whom the Roman nobles banished Tarquin, the last king of Rome, and took oath that they would never again submit to kingly authority.

27 A covered walk forming a spacious addition to the theater built by Pompey in the Campus Martius.

28 Estimated.

Suggestion.—Paraphrase lines 157-160. What revelation is made by these lines as to the character and reputation of Brutus?

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—BRUTUS' ORCHARD.

Note. Brutus, believing that he must choose between the friendship of Cæsar and his duty to his country, is won over by the resolute attitude of the conspirators whose purpose has been strengthened by the terrors of the storm.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The scene, when lighted by the long, flickering flashes of lightning, shows a background formed by the portico of a mansion. From this a lawn, with trees, statuary, and well-trimmed shrubbery slopes down to the foreground where there is a white marble seat overhung by a grape arbor. Standing in front of this, Brutus, Portia, and Lucius, in their white garments, are distinctly visible; but the conspirators, in their dark cloaks, are but indistinct shapes, except as their faces show pallid in the lightning flashes.

(2). *Actors.*

Marcus Brutus, Casca, Cassius, Decimus Brutus, Cinna, Portia.

Lucius, the page of Marcus Brutus.

Metellus Cimber, a Roman noble and military officer, distinguished in Cæsar's service.

Caius Trebonius, a Roman general, a trusted friend and confidant of Cæsar.

Caius Ligarius, a young nobleman who feels that Cæsar has unfairly discriminated against him in the matter of pardon for taking the side of Pompey in the Civil War.

(3). *Costumes.*

Brutus wears the Roman undress,—the tunic, a white woolen garment without sleeves, extending to the knees. A

wide purple stripe down the front of the tunic denotes senatorial rank.

Lucius wears a similar tunic without the stripe.

Portia wears a plain white stola.

The conspirators all wear heavy, hooded, frieze cloaks.

SCENE I. *Rome.* Brutus's *orchard.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn[1] at him,
But for the general.[2] He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;[3]

1 To kick at, i. e "To remove with violence from one's path."

2 The general public.

3 "It is power and exalted position that bring out the harmful traits of a man's character."

And that craves[4] wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse[5] from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[6]
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,[7]
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

4 Demands.
5 Compassion.
6 Steps.
7 As things are, the conspirators have no legitimate excuse for assassinating Caesar. The deed must be committed on the ground that Caesar, should he be made king, would be a menace to Roman liberty.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations[8] whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took[9] them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.[10]
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

8 The lightning flashes.
9 Is this formation of the perfect tense allowable in modern English?
10 See page 32.

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;[11]
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, 61
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,[12] all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius[13] and the mortal instruments[14]
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

11 "I make thee a promise." **What would this sentence, as it stands, mean in modern English?**

12 The first thought.

13 The soul of man; the source of his loftiest thoughts and emotions.

14 The **deadly** baser passions, such as hatred, jealousy, and the like. This passage means simply that there is a struggle in the mind of Brutus between his better and his lower natures.

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[15]
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,[16] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus[17] itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

15 **Favour**—countenance; **mark of favour**—features.
16 Walk abroad.
17 Erebus was the gloomy cavern underground through which the Shades had to walk in their passage to Hades.

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here 90
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night? 99

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?[18]

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north

18 The Conspirators converse thus to show that they are not listening to Brutus and Cassius.

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance[19] of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted[20] tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirit of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?[21] and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,[22]
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That[23] welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

19 Suffering.
20 Haughty.
21 Hesitate.
22 Treacherous.
23 As.

To think[24] that or our cause or our performance[25]
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;[26]
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

24 Our idiom demands **by thinking.**
25 What correlatives would be used in modern English?
26 "Let us not broach the subject to him." Cf. the modern English, **Break the news to anyone.**

Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy[27] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar![28] But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:[29]

27 Malice.

Suggestion.—Show the difference in the manner in which Casca and Cassius yield to the wishes of Brutus in regard to Cicero.

28 **Note the manner in which Brutus justifies his act to himself.**

29 Malicious, i. e., "This shall make our deed seem to be actuated by necessity, not by malice."

Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.[30]
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought[31] and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should;[32] for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.[33]
Treb. There is no fear in him;[34] let him not die
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.[35]
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:[36]
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

30 See Outline Study note 13.
31 Grieve.
32 **Show that Brutus underestimated Antony.**
33 See Outline Study note 18.
34 Nothing to be afraid of in him.
35 See Outline Study C, III, 12
36 Portents.

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augerers,[37]
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,[38]
And bears with glasses,[39] elephants with holes,
Lions with toils[40] and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,[41]
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

37 See page 53.

38 "The unicorn and lion are always like cat and dog, and as soon as a lion sees his enemy he betakes him to a tree. The unicorn, in his blind fury running pell-mell at his foe, drives his horn fast into the tree, and then the lion falls on him and devours him." [Historiae Animalium 1551.]

39 Bears are said to have been captured by means of a mirror, which they would stop and gaze into, thus affording their pursuers an opportunity to take a surer aim.

40 Nets.

41 "Has a grudge against Cæsar."

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[42]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.[43]

Cas. The morning comes upon 's:[44] we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,[45]
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy[46] dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

42 Go by his house.
43 Equivalent to the colloquialism, "I'll manage him."
44 Upon us.
45 Paraphrase this line.
46 A word coined by Shakespeare. "Heavy sleep is sweet."

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently,[47] Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape[48]
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[49]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

47 This word conveys no idea of roughness, merely of impoliteness.

48 Appearance.

49 Disposition.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical[50]
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion[51] of the night
And tempt the rheumy[52] and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence[53] within your mind
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm[54] you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy,[55] and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

50 Wholesome.
51 Poisonous exhalations.
52 Damp.
53 "You are planning some deed which will have unpleasant consequences.
54 Conjure.
55 Oppressed.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.[56]
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
[*Knocking within.*
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements[57] I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[58] of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius *with* Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

56 Cato was a Roman patriot who put himself to death when he heard that Caesar had triumphed over Pompey. He is the type of Roman patriotism, integrity, and virtue.

Suggestion.—What impression does Portia make upon the reader during this scene?

57 Affairs.

58 Marks. The line means, "The meaning of my sadness."

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief![59] Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified[60] spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

59 "To be ill." It was the custom in Elizabethan England for one who was ill to wear a handkerchief on his head.

60 Dead or insensible. **Study the derivation.**

Lig. Set on your foot,[61]
And with a heart new-fir'd[62] I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutûs leads me on.[63]

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

61 The modern idiom is "Go ahead."
62 Reanimated.
63 This whole episode is historical, the dialogue being taken bodily from Plutarch.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT II.—SCENE II.—CÆSAR'S HOUSE.

Note. In this scene (1) Cæsar is induced by the treachery of Decimus Brutus to disregard the warnings by means of which the gods would have saved his life. (2) The conspirators accept the hospitality of Cæsar and surround him as friends.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The *atrium* or audience hall in Cæsar's house, showing one side and a little less than half the width of the apartment; ceiling of carved panelled wood; floor of variegated marble; walls frescoed in panels: the larger panels containing pictures of scenery and mythological subjects; the smaller panels, wreaths and geometric designs. Several doors hung with rich drapery open into this room.

(2). *Actors.*

With the exception of *a servant* dressed like Lucius in ii.1, and *Publius,* a senator of the same age and general appearance as Cicero, the actors of this scene have all been introduced to the reader.

(3). *Costumes.*

Cæsar wears the tunic described in ii.1.

Calpurnia, the plain white stola.

The Conspirators wear the toga.

(4). *Time of Action.*

March 15th, 44 B. C.

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S *house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present[1] sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10

1 Immediate.

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood[2] on ceremonies,[3]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled[4] in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,[5]
And I do fear them.[6]

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.[7]

2 Attached importance to.
3 Portents and omens.
4 To move swiftly with a clashing sound.
5 All ordinary occurrences.
6 See Outline B, II, g.
7 Paraphrase.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.[8]

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?[9]

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

8 Learn this passage. Paraphrase.

9 Augury, or the art of foretelling the future by the observation of natural signs, was believed by the Romans to be an exact science. The examination of the entrails of the animals offered as sacrifice to the gods was an important branch of this art. In general, any departure from the normal in the condition of these organs was regarded as an evil portent for the person offering the sacrifice.

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:[10]
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,[11]
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,[12]
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.[13]
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.[14]

10 Keeps me at home.
11 Statue.
12 Accent on the last syllable.
13 Token.
14 Not to make Caesar a king over the Roman people as was implied by the crown proffered him by Antony, but to give him the power of king over the foreign subjects of the Roman people.

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,[15] for some one to say
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;[16]
And reason to my love is liable.[17]

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna.[18]

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

15 "It will be easy for people to say jeeringly."

16 "I know my urging has gone beyond the bounds of politeness, but my zeal for your advancement **(proceeding)** will not permit me to weigh my words calmly." Decimus Brutus had always been a faithful follower of Caesar and was supposed to have no interests not connected with his service.

17 Subordinate.

18 In the brief scene that follows, we see the Caesar of history and tradition. The courtesy and graciousness of his greeting throw into strong relief the treachery of the conspirators.

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends,[19] will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns[20] to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

19 "Like friends, but not friends."
20 Grieves.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT II.—SCENE III.—A STREET NEAR THE CAPITOL.

Note. Lest the friendly and convivial attitude of the conspirators in scene ii. should deceive the audience, as it has deceived Cæsar, the names of the men who are plotting murder are read over by Artemidorus.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.* Cf. i.1.

Numbers of toga-clad citizens are about the street. The portico on the left is the front of a law court, hence pleaders and advocates are conversing and Greek slaves clad in scanty tunics and bearing rolls of parchment are awaiting the coming of the prætor to open the session of court. Down the wide street in the background, a sedan chair with curtains drawn is borne along by tall slaves in red tunics; half naked porters pass with heavy burdens from the market, etc., etc. All are intent on business of their own and give no attention to Artemidorus, the Greek teacher of Rhetoric, who, with eyes fixed on the scroll before him, reads in an undertone.

(2). *Actors.*

Artemidorus, "A doctor of Rhetorick in the Greeke tongue."—Plutarch.

(3). *Costumes.*

Artemidorus is a tall, middle-aged man of distinguished bearing. For distinction, he may be supposed to wear, instead of the toga, the Greek *Himation*, which was a garment longer and narrower than the toga and, consequently, fitted more closely about the body and more completely covered the lower limbs; his feet are protected by heavy sandals.

He reads from a papyrus roll which is unwound from a round stick of reed, the ends of which are ornamented with ivory knobs.

(4). *Time of Action.*
Immediately after ii.2.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,[1] ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[2]
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.[3] [*Exit.*

1 Friend.

2 The modern idiom would be "In the teeth of emulation"—**(malicious rivalry).**

3 Conspire.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT II.—SCENE IV.—A STREET BEFORE THE HOUSE OF BRUTUS.

Note. The intention of this scene is to inspire the audience with a nervous apprehension of something terrible about to happen. Its effect depends on good acting; for the mere reading of the lines conveys little of the significance of the scene.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

A street in front of the mansion of Brutus — a house front similar to that described in ii.1. The house door is open and *Portia* stands in the doorway; *Lucius* is on the sidewalk in front, along which the *soothsayer* passes.

(2). *Actors.*

Portia.

Lucius.

The Soothsayer, (called Spurinna by Plutarch).

(3). *Costumes.*

Portia wears the stola of the Roman matron.

Lucius, a white woolen tunic. (Cf. ii.1).

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel![1]
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.

For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour,[2] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour,[3] lady.

1 Brutus has evidently disclosed the purpose of the conspiracy to Portia.

2 A vague, indistinct sound.

3 Reckoning in English fashion from midnight. The Romans themselves reckoned from sunrise.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors,[4] common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
[*To herself.*] Sure, the boy heard me:[5] [*To Lucius.*] Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint!

4 Magistrates.

5 Fearing that she has said too much, she hastens to give an innocent turn to her remark.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—"ROME BEFORE THE CAPITOL."

Note. In this scene we have (1) the death of Cæsar; (2) the emergence of Antony as his avenger.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The dramatist's idea of the Capitol was evidently that of an imposing building fronting a public square, elevated above the pavement and approached by a grand marble stairway. At the top of the stairway is the Senate Chamber which must be represented, for our purpose, as open to full view,—a spacious hall with flat panelled ceiling supported by Corinthian pillars and adorned with statues, among which that of Pompey is conspicuous. Chairs for the senators are arranged along the walls. In the rear of the room is a platform elevated one step above the floor. On this platform are two elaborately carved ivory chairs under a purple canopy. In one of these chairs Cæsar seats himself.

As Cæsar enters the members of the senate rise, but reseat themselves immediately; Antony and Trebonius do not enter the Senate Chamber, but after ascending the steps pass off at the left of the stage. As soon as Cæsar is seated, Cimber presents his suit and the conspirators crowd around; Publius and other older senators keep their seats.

(2). *Actors.*

The only actors in this scene who have not appeared before are:

Popilius Lena, a senator, similar in age and general appearance to Cicero and Publius.

Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, a Roman general and former consul.

(3). *Costumes.*

Each senator wears the toga appropriate to his rank. The dress and bearing of *the conspirators* form the sharpest contrast to the appearance of the same men in ii.1. Their daggers are carefully concealed in the folds of the toga.

Note. After the murder, Cæsar's body is supposed to lie where it fell, in a pool of blood, during the remainder of the scene.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate House,*[1] *the rest following.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise,[2] Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes[3] to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:[4]
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

1 See page 63.

2 This "knowing" remark of the senator racks the over-strained nerves of the conspirators and consternation seizes them when Popilius engages Caesar in private conversation. The success of the conspirators depended on keeping Caesar absolutely free from suspicion of their designs.

3 Draws near to.

4 Firm.

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:[5] press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress? 32

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings[6] and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,[7]

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

5 Ready.

6 Courtesies or low bows.

7 "Be not foolish enough to think."

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.[8]

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting[9] quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine:
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world: 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[10]

8 Recall from banishment.
9 Steadfast.
10 Intelligent. **What is the modern meaning of the word?**

Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant[11] Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—[12]

Cæs. Do not, Brutus, bootless[13] kneel.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*[14] Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits,[15] and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

11 Firm.

12 Decimus Brutus kneels as he says this.

13 In vain.

14 The origin of the tradition that these were the dying words of Cæsar is not known. Plutarch mentions no dying speech. Suetonius says a tradition was current in his time that Cæsar cried to Brutus in Greek, "And thou art one of them, thou, my son!"

15 A stone platform for the use of orators.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.[16]
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —
Bru. Talk not of standing.[17] Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,[18]
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:[19]
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.[20]

16 See Outline Study note 11.
17 "This is not a revolution; we have simply removed one man who stood between Rome and freedom."
18 Feel responsibility for.
19 Confounded.
20 See page 52.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry Peace, freedom and liberty! 110

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis[21] lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:[22]

21 Pedestal.

22 After the murder in Pompey's Senate House, the conspirators took refuge in the Capitol which they garrisoned with their followers. Lepidus, acting in concert with Antony, occupied the Forum with a force of soldiers. This treaty between the conspirators on the one side and Antony and Lepidus on the other was made on the day after the murder.

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar honour'd him and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd[23]
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough[24] the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

23 Convinced.
24 Through.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still[25]
Falls shrewdly[26] to the purpose.[27]

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,[28] who else is rank:[29]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt[30] to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

25 Always.
26 Unpleasantly.
27 "My misgivings are always well-grounded."
28 Slain.
29 Grown so high as to be dangerous.
30 Ready.

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:[31]
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;[32]

31 Paraphrase.
32 See Outline Study note 14.

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,— alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,[33]
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;[34]
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil,[35] and crimson'd in thy lethe.[36]
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

33 Conceive of me.
34 **Explain the metaphor.**
35 Bearing the marks of their bloody work.
36 Blood.

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.[37]

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body in the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order[38] of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:[39]

37 Moderation.
38 Course.
39 See Outline Study note 18

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate[41] by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc,"[42] and let slip the dogs of war;[43]
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar,[44] do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*

40 See Outline Study note 15.

41 Goddess of vengeance and mischief.

42 A military cry signifying general massacre without quarter.

43 See Outline C, II, 1, h.

44 See page 82.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:[45]
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius[46] yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.[47] [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

45 Paraphrase.

46 **Octavius Caesar** (Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus) was the grand nephew and adopted son of Julius Caesar, and was a youth of nineteen at the time of Caesar's death. He had to be taken into political account owing to the influence of the name of Caesar with the soldiers. He developed great ability as a general and statesman and ultimately made himself master of the Roman state, ruling as the Emperor Augustus. At the time of Caesar's death he was away at school and did not arrive in Rome until several weeks after the event.

47 **Comment on the skill with which Antony plays his part during this scene.**

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT III.—SCENE II.—THE FORUM.

Note. (1) This scene exhibits the great triumph of Antony over Brutus in the contest for popular approval. (2) The conspirators are driven from Rome amid the execrations of the populace.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

In the foreground is the much renowned stone pavement of the Forum. A wooden railing with gates forms a quadrangular space, at the left end of which is the stone "pulpit" or orator's platform. Behind the railing on all sides are wooden seats, raised one above the other like the seats in an amphitheatre. Behind these seats, in the background, is a row of shops with windows tightly closed with wooden shutters.

At the opening of the scene, both the seats and the space inside the railing are filled with an excited mob. At the exit of Cassius *(line 10)*, part of this crowd follows him, while those who remain seat themselves, with much bustle and confusion, on the wooden benches. The body of Cæsar is borne in on an elaborately carved bier, carried on the shoulders of six old soldiers. The bier is fitted with legs of ivory and is covered with purple and gold cloth. As Antony mounts the pulpit, the bier is set down in front of it and the mourners stand on either side, while the citizens are seated in silence on the benches. At *line 162*, the citizens, in their excitement, begin to leave the benches and crowd inside the railing. At *line 174*, Antony exhibits the well known purple toga, rent and blood-stained, which has been concealed among the coverings of the bier. At *line 200*, Antony moves as if to remove the coverings from the body, but does not

do so. The citizens clamorously demand the privilege of burning the body as their own dead; the soldier bearers lift the bier to their shoulders and carry it away, followed by the crowd who tear down railing and benches for materials for the pyre.

(2). *Actors.*

The speaking actors in this scene have all been introduced.

(3). *Costumes.*

The *bearers* are in military costume,—a tunic reaching to the knee; corselet of leather studded with brass knobs; helmet of leather with brass ornaments; legs encased in strips of leather.

The *mourners* wear black garments; the women are without jewels and have their hair dishevelled.

(4). *Time of Action.*

Seven days after iii.1.

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reason shall be rend'red
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rend'red. 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*[1]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers![2] hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure[3] me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:— Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.

1 See page 68.
2 Friends.
3 "Judge me wisely."

Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol;[4] his glory not extenuated,[5] wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd,[6] for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,— that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.[7]

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.[8]

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

4 The record of the official inquest.

5 Lessened.

6 Magnified.

7 See Outline Study note 10.

8 The name of Caesar was used as a title by succeeding rulers of the Roman State. It still survives in the German **kaiser.**

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding[9] to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

9 Correct modern usage would be **beholden.** "By favor of Brutus, I have the honor of addressing you."

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:[10]
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable[11] man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

10 Shakespeare uses the word **ambition** in the exact sense of the Latin word from which it is derived. It means here, "An unlawful striving for posts of honor." Modern usage has greatly modified this meaning.

11 "A man whom we must honor." This adjective as Shakespeare uses it does not imply an especially exalted personal character.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it[12]

12 The modern idiom is "Would pay for it dearly."

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday[13] the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me,[14] I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

13 Antony now sees that he has won his audience and assumes a bolder tone.

14 Antony's agreement with Brutus and Cassius allowed him only to deliver a funeral oration.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men![15]

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

15 Note the ethical standard of the mob. If Caesar was the people's friend, it was wrong to kill him.

And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?[16]

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse,[17] stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:[18]
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:[19]

16 To violate the compact with Brutus. 17 Bier.
18 In Northern Gaul fourteen years before this.
19 Caesar loved him as his divine guardian spirit in bodily form.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.[20]
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.

20 See Outline Study note 10.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs[21] they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator,[22] as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well[23]
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,[24] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

21 Intimating that the patriotic professions of the conspirators covered an act of private vengeance.

22 "I am not an orator by profession, as Brutus is."

23 Antony intimates that the permission to speak was granted him in contempt of his abilities.

24 Intelligence.

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.[25]

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[26]

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We 'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

25 See Outline Study note 10.

26 Plutarch, who wrote in Greek, states that the sum was seventy-five drachmas; Suetonius, a Roman, says three hundred sesterces. The value of each citizen's legacy would be about twelve dollars of our money.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body[27] in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,[28]

27 This was the duty of the heirs of the deceased. The people at first proposed to erect the funeral pyre in the Temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, but the body was finally burned in the Forum.

28 Here Antony shows the true gambler's spirit. "Let us play heavily while luck is with us."

And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT III.—SCENE III.—A STREET.

Note. The value of this scene depends upon its acting. Its intention is to show the frenzied feeling of the populace against Cæsar's murderers.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The street corner of i.1. The scene is dimly lighted, as in early evening. The street is filled with a crowd of excited citizens; some carry torches and firebrands; others, axes and crowbars. Hands and faces are stained with smoke and soot; clothing is dishevelled and torn. Cinna at first treats the challenge of the crowd as a rough joke; but is thrown down and dragged off the stage, struggling.

(2). *Actors.*

Caius Cinna, a Poet.
A Crowd of Citizens.

SCENE III. *A street*

Enter Cinna *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt[1] to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,

1 This episode is related by Plutarch as an instance of the power of dreams over human life.

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely[2] I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang[3] for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,— briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

2 "That is the wisest remark I can make."
3 "You will get a blow for that from me."

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A HOUSE IN ROME.

Note. The historical necessity for introducing Lepidus and Octavius is responsible for this scene.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The *tablinum* or business office of a Roman mansion, a room of medium size opening off a hall like that shown in ii. 2. At each end of the room is a bookcase showing books,—heavy rolls in red, yellow, and purple covers. In the center of the floor is a large round table whose top, a sheet of

polished bronze, rests on three heavy legs which are elaborately carved. On this table is a decorated metal cylinder containing papyrus rolls, and a similar roll lies on the table, partly unfolded. There is also a double cylindrical inkstand, with several pens of split reed lying near; and a number of wax-coated wooden tablets, with metal *styles* for writing on them. Around this table, the actors are seated each in a heavy armchair.

(2). *Actors.*

Antony.....
Lepidus..... } Triumvirs after the death of Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar.

Octavius is a short, slender youth of nineteen years, with a dark complexion, lustrous black eyes, and curly light brown hair.

(3). *Costume.*

The men are in black togas as mourning for Cæsar.

(4). *Time of the Action.* (Study Note 12).

Shakespeare does not observe the historical lapse of time between the two acts. The dramatic situation requires that the exhibition of the triumph of Antony over the conspirators should follow immediately his funeral oration. The allusion to the will in *line 8* shows that this scene is to be regarded as enacted a few days only after iii. 2.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table.*[1]

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

1 See Outline Study note 12.

Oct. Your brother too must die;[2] consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius[3] shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

2 In this proscription Octavius demanded the life of Paulus Lepidus, one of the conspirators, and Antony, the life of Cicero, his personal enemy. Paulus was the brother of Lepidus and Octavius was under great obligations to Cicero. After delicate negotiation, it was decided that Paulus Lepidus and Cicero should both die; and, as compensation, that Antony should sacrifice his uncle.

3 If historical accuracy were of any importance in this connection, for **Publius** we should read **Lucius Caesar,** and for **"sister's son"** read **"mother's brother."**

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.[4]

Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind[5] to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects,[6] orts[7] and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd[8] by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:[9]— Brutus and Cassius

4 Lepidus managed to descend safely from his perilous height of power, and ended his days in opulent obscurity.

5 Turn.

6 Things thrown away.

7 Refuse.

8 Made common.

9 Express **this in the modern English idiom.**

Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;[10]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,[11]
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

10 Scan this line.
11 i. e., Like baited bears.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.—CAMP NEAR SARDIS: BEFORE BRUTUS' TENT.

Note. In this scene, Brutus and Cassius, broken in health and reputation, their ideals and hopes shattered, are introduced as rival revolutionary soldiers.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The tent of Brutus (not differing essentially from a modern officer's tent) occupies the right front of the stage. In front of it is a square mound of turf with a flat top,—the camp altar. From the altar to the left runs a camp street lined with soldiers' tents which are cloth-covered, peak-roofed huts, gable end to the street. Behind the altar and extending

to the rear of the stage is a cross street, also lined with soldiers' tents. Brutus and Lucius emerge from Brutus' tent and the soldiers fall into line in the cross street, except three sentries on guard in front of the line of tents on the main street. Up this street comes Lucilius, escorting Titinius and Pindarus. He leaves the stage and reappears later escorting Cassius who is leading his troops in line. The three sentries challenge the strangers, but allow them to pass, on recognizing their own officer.

(2). *Actors.*

Brutus & Cassius, older and more careworn than in previous scenes.

Lucius (2. 1.); *Lucilius,* an officer of Brutus' army.

Pindarus, servant of Cassius; *Titinius,* an officer of Cassius' army.

(3). *Costumes.*

Brutus & Cassius wear the costume of a Roman commanding officer,—a corselet of embossed metal hanging from the shoulders and fitting tightly about the body above the hips; a leather fringe hangs from the lower edge of the metal nearly to the knees; below this, the edge of the tunic shows. The legs are bare below the knee, the soles of the feet being protected by sandals bound about the ankle. A short red cloak, fastened on the left shoulder with a gold brooch, hangs over the right shoulder and the back. A short, straight sword in a decorated scabbard hangs on the right side from an embossed metal belt.

The Soldiers wear corselets made of strips of leather and leather helmets with brass trimmings but without crests. Each soldier wears on his left arm a shield of leather with metal trimmings and ornaments which protects his body from shoulders to hips; in his right hand he holds a spear; and at his right side, a short, straight sword hangs from a leather belt.

(4). *Time of Action.*

A little more than two years after the death of Cæsar; and about six months after the proscription (iv. 1).

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis.*[1] *Before* BRUTUS' *tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.[2]

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,

1 In Asia Minor, once the capital of the great Lydian monarchy; at this time a Roman provincial town.

2 Informed.

As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,[3]
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,[4]
They fall[5] their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.[6]

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.

[*Low march within.*

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius *and his powers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

3 Chafing at the tightening of the bit, i. e., Difficult to manage.

4 Be urged to their utmost capacity.

5 Change to the modern idiom.

6 The greater part of Cassius' army remains in Sardis, but Cassius himself with his cavalry has come to Brutus' camp.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.[7]
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge[8] your griefs,[9]
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

7 i. e., "I know what a violent temper you have."

8 To state at large. **What preposition does the modern idiom demand in this connection?**

9 Grievances.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.—THE INTERIOR OF BRUTUS' TENT.

Note. (1) The interview between Brutus and Cassius reveals the purely human side of their characters; it revives their old friendship; and reanimates them with the idea that they are still fighting in their country's cause. (2) The ghost of Cæsar implies to Brutus that the life of the latter must be forfeited for the murder of his friend.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

In the interior is shown a small apartment separated from the main tent by partly drawn curtains revealing a couch. Rich hangings form the walls. In the center is a camp table with camp chairs about it, not differing essentially from modern furniture of the same nature.

(2). *Actors.*

Brutus & Cassius.

Marcus Favonius, a Poet.—An old man with long, thin, gray beard and hair, and a wild and haggard expression.

Lucilius, Titinius, Varro, & Claudius, Young officers.

Messala, an older officer.

Lucius, the personal attendant of Brutus.

The Ghost of Cæsar. See page 118.

(3). *Costumes.* See iv. 2.

SCENE III. BRUTUS' *tent.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted[1] Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice[2] offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;[3]
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world

1 Branded.
2 Petty.
3 A love for money.

But for supporting robbers,[4] shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;[5] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

4 "But Brutus bade him remember the ides of March, the day when they killed Cæsar, who himself neither plundered nor pillaged mankind, but was only the support and strength of those who did."—Plutarch.

5 "To tell me what I may and may not do."

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?[6]
Must I observe you?[7] must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he[8] durst not thus have mov'd[9] me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

6 Start.
7 Treat with deference.
8 **To whom does the pronoun refer?**
9 Provoked.

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:[10]
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection:[11] I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[12] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought

10 It would seem that Brutus had no scruples against borrowing money from those who could raise it by "vile means."

11 Unfair action.

12 Paltry coins.

My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.[13]
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[14] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

13 Olympus is a mountain in Greece, the cloud-concealed summit of which was supposed to have been the abode of the gods.

14 The god of riches.

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.[15]
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet
They be alone.

15 Caprice.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet,[16] *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what 's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; 131
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging[17] fools?

Companion,[18] hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

16 Plutarch says merely that Favonius quoted a line from Homer's Iliad. The second line of the couplet in the text is a paraphrase of this.

17 In allusion to the rhyme.

18 Fellow.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use.
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! 151
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: — for with her death
That tidings came; — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.[19]

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, *with wine and taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

19 In the form of burning charcoal, as Plutarch says.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?[20]
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

20 This must be understood as a remark "aside," not overheard by Messala.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner. 189

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art[21] as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'T is better that the enemy seek us:

21 "I, too, have learned such philosophy theoretically (in art) in the schools; but I am not sufficiently master of myself to practice it."

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence;[22] whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.[23]
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,

22 "Doing himself harm."
23 Learn and paraphrase.

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;[24]
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.[25]

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard[26] with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

24 See Outline Study note 18.

25 The meeting of the two armies at Philippi was purely accidental.

26 Supply sparingly.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave,[27] I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!
Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.
Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.[28]
[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

27 Boy.

28 The ordinary house costume of a gentleman in Shakespeare's time, but not worn by the Romans.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods[29] look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again:

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.[30]

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down[31]

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.[32]

29 Youths.

30 **What impression does this little episode make upon you?**

31 Books made of separate sheets sewed together and read by turning the leaves did not come into general use until the Middle Ages.

32 On the modern stage the introduction of a ghost indicates, usually, either burlesque or fraud; but in Shakespeare's time nobody doubted that phantom forms could appear in visible shape and speak with audible voice. These phantoms frequently assumed the form of a deceased person; but it was believed that they were seldom or never animated by the soul of a human being. The human form was simply

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?[33]
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.[34]

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

assumed for the occasion by one of the spirits or **daemons** who were supposed to inhabit the air and the vacant places of earth in innumerable multitudes, some of them with benevolent, others with malevolent inclinations toward mankind. One of these **daemons** is avenging the death of Caesar and has assumed Caesar's form for the confusion of his murderer. According to Plutarch, it is "Brutus' own evil Genius," the spirit which thwarts his good intentions, that thus appears in visible form.

33 To stand on end.

34 See Outline Study note 15.

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI.

Note. In this scene, Brutus and Cassius exchange defiance and recrimination with Antony and Octavius before their armies engage.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The Plains of Philippi looking northeast.—A swampy plain with low hillocks here and there, covered with rushes and marsh grass and extending as far as eye can reach. In the distant background on the left is the wall of a small town near which is the line of entrenchment of the camp of Octavius and Antony. In the distant background, on the right, are seen the ditch and wall of the camp of Brutus and Cassius, where a large red banner is conspicuous. The army of Octavius and Antony enters first from the left:—two ranks of soldiers in close order followed by the standard bearer with his standard; behind the standard bearer, are musicians with trumpets; then follow Antony and Octavius with the officers of their staff; and behind them, several more ranks of soldiers representing the head of a long advancing column. The *Messenger,* a light-armed soldier, enters from the right; and, soon afterward, the army of Brutus and Cassius enters, from the right, in the same order as the other army.

The standard of the army of Octavius and Antony is a silver eagle with outstretched wings on the top of a pole. Under the eagle is a cross arm from which hangs a white, four-cornered banner. Brutus' standard bearer, also, carries the eagle, but the banner is red. At a sign from Brutus this red banner is removed as a sign of truce. The two front ranks on either side open and the four generals advance alone into the center of the stage for the parley.

(2). *Actors.*

Octavius, Antony, Brutus, Cassius.
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala.

(3). *Costumes.*

The *Four Generals,* distinguished by their scarlet cloaks, are dressed as in iv., except that they wear plumed helmets and greaves of embossed metal.

The *Officers & Soldiers* are dressed as in iv.

(4). *Time of Action.*

A few months later than iv.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*[1]

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;[2]
It proves not so: their battles[3] are at hand;
They mean to warn[4] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content[5]

1 A city of Macedonia opposite Thasos. The town is noted as the place in which the Apostle Paul first preached in Europe.

2 Plutarch says, "They came to the coast opposite Thasos." Shakespeare reads, "They came to the coast, opposite Thasos"; and so supposes them to have come down out of the interior.

3 Armies.

4 Challenge.

5 i. e., They do not mean to fight but wish to impress us so that we will not attack them.

To visit other places: and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*[6]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth.*] My Lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!

6 Such a scene, though repugnant to Roman custom and to modern ideas, was in accordance with the customs of chivalry and was regarded by Shakespeare's audience as an eminently fitting prelude to a great battle.

Mes. [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus[7] strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[8] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus.
The gods to-day stand friendly that we may,

7 A famous Greek philosopher who denied that the gods interfered with the operation of natural cause and effect.
8 First.

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy[9]
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fail, so to prevent
The time of life:[10] arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers[11]
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.

9 The meaning of this passage is that Brutus does not, like Cato, justify deliberate suicide on philosophical grounds, but his philosophy is not strong enough to induce him to live without honor.

10 "Cut off my life."

11 i. e., "To wait whatever the ruling powers have determined my lot shall be."

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! [120]
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT V.—SCENE II.—A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Note. This scene shows Brutus victorious over Octavius.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The same scene as in v. 1. The grass is trampled and blood-stained; dead and wounded men are lying on the ground; spears, shields, etc., are scattered about. Brutus and Messala enter from opposite sides of the stage. Trumpet blasts and the noise of fighting are heard on all sides.

(2). *Actors.*

Brutus & Messala.

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[1]
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Note. Cassius, defeated by Antony and believing that all is lost, commands his servant to kill him that he may not fall alive into the hands of his enemies.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

At the left of the stage is a small hillock which slopes toward the center; in the background are the ditch and wall of the camp of Brutus and Cassius, behind which flames burst out during the scene. Cassius and Titinius enter from opposite sides, each carrying a drawn sword in his right hand. Cassius holds in his left hand, the eagle standard with its red banner. As the bodies of Titinius and Cassius are lifted, the noise of battle dies away in the distance.

(2). *Actors.*

All the actors in this scene have been introduced to the reader with the exception of

Cato.....
Strato..... } Friends of Brutus and Cassius.
Volumnius.....

1 Writings.

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains[2] fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou thy horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

2 To Shakespeare the word **villain** meant simply a man without courage or sense of honor.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
PINDARUS *descends.*
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia[3] did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

3 "Pindarus one of his freedmen whom he had reserved for such an occasion ever since the disasters in the expedition against the Parthians when Crassus was slain * * * He (Cassius) made his neck bare and held it forth to Pindarus commanding him to strike * * * But no man ever saw Pindarus after."—Plutarch.

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.[4] [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius![5]
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos[6] send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

4 Here Brutus strikes the keynote of the play.

5 That is, the suicide of Titinius, through grief at his death, was a crown to the career of Cassius.

6 An island in the Aegean, not far from this battlefield.

Labeo and Flavius,[7] set our battles on:[8]
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

7 Brutus' officers. They were both killed in the second battle.

8 Paraphrase.

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT V.—SCENE IV.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Note. This scene shows (1) Brutus hard pressed by the combined forces of Antony and Octavius. (2) The devotion of Brutus' followers.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

The same scene as v. 1. The soldiers of both armies enter, from opposite sides, fighting, holding their shields before them with their left arms and thrusting with swords. Some fall; Antony's men flee and are pursued by Brutus' soldiers. As they leave the stage, Brutus and his officers enter; cross the stage; and disappear. Lucilius is left alone and witnesses the death of Cato (which takes place off the stage) and the flight of Brutus' soldiers pursued in their turn by the soldiers of Antony. Fighting, shouting, and trumpet blasts fill this scene with noise and confusion.

(2). *Actors.*

Brutus, Antony, Cato, Lucilius.

(3). *Costumes.*

The same as in the preceding scenes of this act, save that *Lucilius* wears a general's scarlet cloak as a disguise.

(4). *Time of Action.*

Plutarch says that twenty days elapsed between the battles of Scenes 1—3 and that of Scenes 4—5; but for some reason, the dramatist prefers to represent the second battle as fought in the evening of the day of the first battle.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* Brutus, *young* Cato, Lucilius, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho![1]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:[2]

1 "Here Marcus the son of Cato was slain fighting with great bravery in the midst of the youth of highest rank * * declaring who he was and naming his father's name." **Plutarch's Life of Marcus Brutus.**

2 "I yield only to die."

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sol. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE-SETTING.

ACT V.—SCENE V.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Note. Brutus, cut off with a few friends from the main body of his army, and surrounded by the enemy, discouraged and desperate, falls on his sword and sacrifices his life to appease the spirit of the murdered Cæsar.

(1). *Setting of the Scene.*

A grotto formed by an overhanging cliff. It is night and the scene is dimly lighted by torches; overhead the stars are shining. In strong contrast to Scene 4, the silence (until after the Death Scene) is broken only by the voices of the actors, the gentle murmur of a brook, and a few strains of a distant trumpet call. The entrance of Antony and Octavius is heralded by a loud trumpet blast.

After the Death Scene, the body of Brutus occupies the center of the stage; and Antony, as he pronounces *line 68,* covers it with his own scarlet cloak.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light,[1] but, my lord,

1 "Statilius undertook to dash through the enemy and to see what was become of the camp; and promised if he found all things there safe to hold up a torch for a signal and then return. The torch was held up * * * but it happened that Statilius, in his return, fell into the enemy's hands and was slain."—Plutarch's Life of Brutus.

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself,

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:[2] [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

2 As hunted animals driven by encircling hunters and dogs into the pitfall trap.

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch[3] of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

3 Taste or flavor.

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the* Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;[4]

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer[5] me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

4 That is, There is only his body to burn.

5 Recommend.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let 's away
To part the glories[6] of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

6 Give each man his due share of the honor of the victory.

OUTLINE STUDY

NO. 3

JULIUS CAESAR

A. PREPARATORY WORK.—History of the Drama; Classification of Shakespeare's Dramas.

B. FIRST READING.—The Narrative of the Drama; The Historical Situation.

C. SECOND READING.—Critical Analysis of Julius Cæsar as a Dramatic Composition; Study of the Text.

D. THIRD READING.—Character Study; Literary Analysis.

E. SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.—History of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony; Theme Subjects.

A. PREPARATORY WORK

HISTORY OF THE DRAMA; CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

I. The Drama

1. Its chief characteristic as a literary composition.

Note 1. Dramatic composition differs from all other forms of literature in that it consists of the animated conversation of various personages, from whose speech the movement of the story is to be gathered.

2. Its two divisions :—
   - *a.* Tragedy. *(Give definition and derivation.)*
   - *b.* Comedy. *(Give definition and derivation.)*

Note 2 In Shakespeare's dramas the difference between tragedy and comedy is one of conclusion merely. No matter how complicated the situation of the drama has become, in a comedy there is always a satisfactory resolution of that complication ; in a tragedy, the reverse resolution is found.

3. Structure of Shakespeare's dramas :—
   - *a.* A main plot.
   - *b.* An underplot.
   - *c.* The catastrophe.

4. History of the drama in England.
   - *a.* Its first form.—Miracle Plays and Mysteries.

(1.) Of no literary value; vulgar and irreverent.

(2.) Plots taken from the Bible and the Lives of the Saints.

(3.) Performed until the middle of the sixteenth century.

b. Second form.—Moralities.

(1.) Allegorical characters, as, Virtue, Vice, Sobriety, Temperance, etc.

c. Third form.—Masques and Interludes. (Forerunners of Farce and Comedy.)

d. Character of the early stage representations :—

(1.) No scenery; placards indicated the place of action.

(2.) Female roles assumed by boys.

II. Place of Julius Cæsar Among Shakespeare's Plays

Note 3. Shakespeare's plays may be classified as follows :

1. English Historical plays, as, King John, Henry IV., etc.
2. Roman Plays, semi-historical, as *Julius Cæsar*, Antony and Cleopatra, etc.
3. Greek Plays, semi-historical or legendary, as, Troilus and Cressida.
4. Tragedies, as, Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello.
5. Comedies, as, The Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, etc.

B. FIRST READING

THE NARRATIVE OF THE DRAMA; THE HISTORICAL SITUATION

I. Outline of the Narrative

Note 4. To present the story of the drama properly, it will be necessary to go back fifteen years to the year 59 B. C., when that great coalition was formed which was the first step toward the downfall of the Roman Republic.

1. Events preceding the opening of the action of the drama.
   - *a.* First triumvirate.—Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus.
     - (1.) Object of the triumvirs: to secure for themselves the control of public affairs.
   - *b.* Four years later
     - (1.) Crassus is slain.
     - (2.) Pompey and Cæsar have divided the world between them.
     - (3.) Two parties in Rome,—Aristocratic, represented by Pompey; Democratic, represented by Cæsar. (Each party jealous of the reputation of the other.)

c. Events of the years 49, 48 B. C.

(1.) Civil War.—Brought to an end by the Battle of Pharsalus, 48 B. C., when Pompey was defeated, and, while fleeing, was assassinated.

Note 5. Brutus refers to this battle when he says, "*Be thou my witness,*" *etc.*

d. Result of the war.—Cæsar at the head of the Roman world. The Senate has made him perpetual dictator, with powers of censor, consul and tribune.

Note 6. Cæsar's reign was characterized by statesmanship of the highest order.

e. Battle of Munda.

(1.) Date, March 17, 45 B. C.

(2.) Situation of the battlefield.

(3.) Contestants.—Cæsar and the sons of Pompey.

(4.) Result.—A victory for Cæsar.

Note 7. It is at this point that our narrative begins.

II. Narrative of the Drama

a. Date of opening of action, Feb. 15, 44 B. C.

b. Occasion.

Note 8. Cæsar comes back to Rome to find himself surrounded by new conditions. The "liberty faction," whose members are Cæsar's personal enemies, has grown in numbers and in strength, and a report is current that Cæsar is aiming to make himself king and tyrant, and that he has the design of withdrawing to Alexandria, and of making that city the capital of the Roman World. Hence we find the tribunes in the first scene of the play rebuking the populace for its interest in Cæsar.

c. *The procession;* Cassius and Brutus discuss public affairs, and Cæsar's position in the state.

Note 9. In the course of the conversation, Cassius, reviewing the situation, puts into words the plans which Brutus has had in mind but has not dared to formulate, and wins from Brutus the admission that "*Brutus had rather be,*" *etc.*

d. *Apprehensions* aroused by the reappearance of Cæsar and his train, and by Casca's recital of Cæsar's refusal of the crown.

e. The conspiracy takes a definite form in the mind of Cassius, "*I will this night*" . . . . ; conspirators meet at Pompey's porch ; conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus ; decision of Brutus.

f. *Conspiracy* formally ratified, March 15, 44 B. C., and each one is assigned his part in the tragedy.

g. *Cæsar's Warnings.*

(1.) A tablet of brass has been found in a tomb with an inscription upon it in the Greek language to the effect that "whenever these bones come to be discovered, a descendant of Iulus will be slain by the hands of his kinsmen."

(2.) The horses of Cæsar abstained entirely from eating, and shed floods of tears.

(3.) The soothsayer, Spurinna, advised him to beware of danger, because of ominous appearances in the sacrifices.

(4.) The day before the Ides, birds of various kinds, pursuing a wren which flew into Pompey's Senate House with a sprig of laurel in its beak, tore it in pieces.

(5.) The night before the Ides, Cæsar dreamed at one time that he was soaring above the clouds; and, at another, that he had joined hands with Jupiter.

(6.) Calpurnia's dream.

h. The Great Tragedy.—Cæsar enters the Senate; position of the conspirators; petition of Cimber; signal for attack; Brutus stabs Cæsar; action of senators, of Antony, of the partisans of Brutus; Antony's request; disposition of the body; effect of Brutus's speech on the mob; effect of Antony's speech.

Note 10. The speeches of Brutus and of Antony are the most perfect imitation of the condensed eloquence of antiquity which our language affords. Brutus's speech is argumentative. He is convinced of the justice of his cause, but realizes that it will require an effort to convince others of it. He appeals to the fact that the people have been deprived of their independence under the tyranny of Cæsar, and prevents objections by classifying these objections in advance.

The aim of Antony is to move the feelings of his audience, in order to gain the attention of the people who have just shown their approval of Brutus's point of view.

Note 11. Those senators who were ignorant of the conspiracy were prevented by consternation or horror from going to the aid of Cæsar.

i. Events after the Tragedy.—The proscription; quarrel between Brutus and Cassius; the reconciliation; Portia's death; the warning of Cæsar's ghost; the announcement of the approach of Antony and Octavianus; the decision to march to Philippi; the Battle of Philippi; its result.

Note 12. Between Acts III and IV is an interval of nineteen months, during which time Antony, endeavoring to succeed to Cæsar's power, has found a formidable rival in Octavianus, the great nephew and adopted son of Julius Cæsar. In the beginning of the year 43, Antony and Octavianus fought over the possession of Cisalpine Gaul, and Antony was defeated. Later the two men became reconciled, and, with Lepidus, formed the Second Triumvirate, to rule for five years. The enemies of each were proscribed, and Act IV., Scene 1, of our drama opens with the making of this list of proscriptions.

Meanwhile Brutus, having retired to Athens, had raised a large army there, and had become master of all Greece and Macedonia. He goes now to Asia and joins Cassius, whose efforts have been equally successful, and the two generals have returned to Europe to oppose the triumvirs, whom they meet on the plains of Philippi.

j. Fate of Brutus and Cassius.

III. Characters in the Order of their Appearance

Suggestion 1. It is intended that the pupils shall make a careful list of all the actors of the drama in the order of their appearance upon the scene; identify each, and state the fate of each.

IV. Details of the Conspiracy

1. Reason for? Suggested by whom? Made practicable by the sanction of whom? Names of the chief conspirators? Meeting place? Ratification of? Watchword of the conspiracy? Failure of the conspiracy? Its justification?

Note 13. "The whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country failed, from the overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and in the assistance of others."

Note 14. Notice that most of the conspirators had received favors from Cæsar.

V. Place of Action of the Drama.—Rome, Sardis, Philippi

VI. Date of Action.—44 B. C.—42 B. C.

VII. Political Situation

Suggestion 2. Use this as the subject for a carefully prepared paper. A Classical Dictionary, under the subjects *Cæsar*, *Brutus* and *Antony*, will give concise and accurate information.

C. SECOND READING

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF JULIUS CÆSAR AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSITION; STUDY OF THE TEXT

I. "Julius Cæsar" as a Dramatic Composition

1. The plot of the drama.

Note 15. The assassination of Cæsar and its fatal consequences. "The idea that the spirit of Cæsar is avenging his murder is the central thought of the plot."

2. The underplot.—Antony's efforts to succeed to Cæsar's power.
3. The catastrophe.
4. Steps in the plot development.
5. Four characters necessary to the plot development.
6. Notable passages from a dramatic point of view.
   - *a*. The first twenty lines, which bring the situation home to the reader, and put him in touch wi h the plot.
   - *b*. The interruption of Brutus, I., 2, which shows the direction which the plot is taking.
   - *c*. Casca's story of the proffered crown.
   - *d*. The anonymous letter.
   - *e*. Artemidorus.
   - *f*. The conversation in II., 1, in regard to the sunrise.
   - *g*. Speeches of Brutus and Antony.

Note 16. Observe the different aspects of Antony's speech. Note the significance of the word "honorable," and notice the point at which "honorable" becomes ironical; note the dramatic pauses in the speech, and show from the conversation of the citizens how well Antony had gauged his audience; enumerate the ways in which the interest and sympathy of the citizens are aroused.

II. Study of the Text

1. Passages to paraphrase. *(Give the context for each.)*
   - *a*. Many of the best respect in Rome.
   - *b*. Cæsar doth bear me hard.
   - *c*. His coward l ps did from their color fly. *(Explain the metaphor.)*

d. To hide thee from prevention.

e. I'll get me to a place more void.

f. To you our swords have leaden points.

g. Crimsoned in thy Lethe.

h. Let slip the dogs of war (*i. e.* the horrors of war, especially famine, slaughter and fire).

i. Like horses hot at hand (*i. e.* difficult to manage).

j. To have an itching palm.

2. Familiar passages from the drama.

3. Roman Manners and Customs learned from the drama.

Suggestion 3. Use the above for the subject of a carefully written paper.

III. Points to be Especially Noted

1. Significance of "*That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood.*"

2. Note the struggle in the mind of Brutus between love of country and love of Cæsar.

3. The mere fact that Cassius goes so far out of his way to belittle Cæsar, shows what his private opinion of him is.

4. Arguments used to win over Brutus to the conspirators' cause.

5. How does Cassius open the plot?

6. Note the clever way in which Cassius turns Casca's fears to account.

7. How does Brutus justify his act to himself?

8. Ruse to surround Cæsar.

9. Under what circumstances is Cicero mentioned?

10. Argument of Cassius and Brutus over Antony. Which was right in his judgment?

11. Note the manner in which Portia's death is announced to the reader.

12. The anachronism in "the clocks have stricken three."

13. Rome has passed from the commonwealth to the empire. Brutus, animated with the old spirit, conspires to slay Cæsar, thinking that the killing of Cæsar will kill what he represents.

14. Brutus is the typical Roman to whom the state, not the individual, is of paramount importance.

15. Pompey's statue, at the foot of which Cæsar fell—a colossal, not ungainly figure of a man—is believed generally to be now standing in the Council Chamber of the Palazzo Spada alla Regola. What are said to be the stains of great Cæsar's blood are, according to tradition, still visible upon the left leg of the statue. Mark Antony delivered his famous funeral oration on the Rostra Julia, on the east side of the forum. Its effect upon the mob is historic, but the words have never been reported by any ancient writer.

16. Julius Cæsar was assassinated on the Ides of March. The Senate decreed that this day should in future be called "Parricidium," and that they should hold no sittings on it.

D. THIRD READING

CHARACTER STUDY; LITERARY ANALYSIS

I. The Drama as a Study of Character

Note 17. The four leading figures have their characters thrown into relief by contrast with one another.

1. Brutus, the central figure of the play.
   - *a.* Two sides to his character.
     - (1.) His great strength of character is shown in the way in which he appreciates the issue at stake in the conspiracy. That he realizes the baseness of the conspirators' deed, as shown by the fact that he refuses to include Antony in Cæsar's fate. This strength of character is seen, also, in
       - (*a.*) His relations with Cassius.

Note 18. In the discussions every point is decided, and wrongly decided, against Cassius' judgment.

       - *b.* His scorn at the idea of taking refuge in suicide.
     - (2.) His gentleness is shown in
       - *a.* His consideration for Lucius.
       - *b.* His relations with Portia.
       - *c.* His appreciation of art, literature, music, etc.

2. Julius Cæsar.

   a. Contradiction in his character.

Note 19. In the speeches of Cæsar himself, and in the words of the other characters in the drama concerning him, we see the great Cæsar of history, one of the "master spirits of the world"; but in the scenes in which he plays an active part, he appears as the weakest and most vacillating of men.

An explanation of this contradiction is not far to seek. Cæsar has always been a man of action, perfect in military affairs. When there is anything to be done by force of arms and of will, there Cæsar is leader; but he has no passive courage. If he cannot act, he does not know what to do. He has come back to Rome to find that the time when the military man was the leader of affairs has gone by. Rome is ruled by demagogues, whose intellect and shrewdness, not their prowess in war, are the qualities upon which they rely. Cæsar finds himself out of touch with these men. He is conscious of their intellectual superiority and of his own helplessness in such a state of things; and this consciousness has brought about "a change in him of late." This is undoubtedly Shakespeare's conception of Cæsar's character as we know from Cassius's story of Cæsar and the Tiber, etc., in I., II.

3. Cassius: Impatient; professional politician; low view of human nature; unscrupulous party spirit; tactful; shrewd.

4. Antony: His whole aim is to acquire political supremacy for himself. (His attachment to Cæsar seems to have been the one unselfish trait in his character.)

II. Julius Cæsar as a Literary Composition

1. Most apparent literary excellences. (*Apparent to the young reader.*)

   a. Striking choice of words.

   b. Well-chosen epithets.

c. Effective use of images of nature. For example:—

(1.) "It is a bright day that brings forth the adder." *(Note the connection in which this is used.)*

d. Graphic force of the great scenes. For example:

(1.) Cæsar and his Train.
(2.) The Midnight Meeting.
(3.) Brutus and Portia.
(4.) Portia and Lucius.
(5.) The Assassination.
(6.) The Thunderstorm.
(7.) Over Cæsar's Body.
(8.) The Tent Scene.
(9.) The Ghost of Cæsar.
(10.) The Parley.

Suggestion 4. Re-read each scene aloud in class, and discuss each.

Suggestion 5. Let the pupils select from the text passages illustrating these literary excellences.

2. Metre of "Julius Cæsar."—Pentameter, Blank Verse

D. SUPPLEMENTARY WORK

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR AND MARK ANTONY; THEME SUBJECTS

1. Source of "Julius Cæsar."—North's Translation of Plutarch

Suggestion 6. What is meant by "Plutarch"?

II. Julius Cæsar

1. Significant facts in his life.

III. Mark Antony

1. Significant facts in his life.
2. After career of Antony.

IV. Theme Subjects

1. Play on Words in "JULIUS CÆSAR."
2. Obsolete Words found in the text.
3. A Roman Triumph.
4. A Roman Holiday.
5. The Battle of Munda.
6. The Lupercalia.
7. The "Age's Yoke."
8. Cæsar's Ambition.
9. The Calendar.
10. The Philosophy of Brutus.
11. The Typical Roman.
12. Cæsar's Will.
13. The Government of Rome in Cæsar's Day.
14. A Roman Boy in the Time of Cæsar.
15. The Battle of Philippi.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

1. Give the date on which the action of the drama begins. Describe the political situation at Rome and Cæsar's position in the state. Describe the exact situation of affairs when the first scene of the drama opens.

2. In the battle from which Cæsar is just returning, who were the contestants, what was the point at issue, and what was the result?

3. State the policy of the "Liberal Faction" which had arisen in Rome during Cæsar's absence and of which Brutus was the leader. Show from episodes in the play that Cæsar was ill fitted to cope with such a party. Of what action on the part of Cæsar was this faction afraid? How much of an answer to this question do you gather from the opening scene of the drama?

4. Why is the title of "king" so much more abhorrent to Brutus and his party than that of Perpetual Dictator—a title which Cæsar already bears? Just what did the Romans mean by the word "Liberty"?

5. Describe the manner in which the Conspiracy was conceived and perfected. By what argument was Brutus won over to the conspirators' cause? With whom did the idea of the Conspiracy originate? Quote the line which tells you that the Conspiracy had taken a definite form in the mind of Cassius.

6. Putting yourself in the closest possible sympathy with the spirit of the times, justify or condemn the Con-

spiracy. Do you find your sympathy with the conspirators or with Cæsar? At what point does your sympathy with the cause of the conspirators begin to decline?

7. Point out the devices by which Shakespeare sways the sympathies of his readers, first to the side of Cæsar, then to that of the conspirators. In this connection comment on the effect produced by the last twenty-five lines of Act II, Scene ii.

8. What impression does Casca's recital of Cæsar's refusal of the crown make upon you? How did it impress his hearers and further the conspiracy.

9. Show that the whole action of the drama is the outcome of the historical fact that *the common weal was the grand object of the heroes of Roman story*. In this connection describe the struggle in the mind of Brutus between love of Cæsar and love of country. Show by quotation that Brutus was fully aware of the enormity of his deed. Reproduce the arguments of Brutus by which he justified his action as regards Cæsar.

10. Write a brief sketch of the slaying of Cæsar. Why did no one rush to the aid of Cæsar?

11. From the drama describe the manner in which the funeral of a distinguished Roman was conducted. Bring out the contrast between the funeral orations of Brutus and Antony. Which would have appealed to you the more strongly had you been in the Forum?

12. Enumerate the ways in which Antony in his

funeral oration aroused the interest and sympathy of the citizens. Prove from the conversation of the citizens that he had gauged his audience correctly. Comment on the word *honorable* in Antony's speech. What different feelings did its use arouse?

13. Trace the various manifestations of popular fickleness throughout the play, beginning with the opening scene.

14. Describe the political situation at the beginning of Act IV (Cæsar had been dead nineteen months). At what point in the play did Antony begin to show himself an individual to be reckoned with? Show that Brutus had read Antony's character wrongly.

15. What idea does the drama give you as to the character of Antony? Do you think that his attachment to Cæsar was real or that it was only assumed to further his political aspirations?

16. At the Battle of Philippi, what was the point at issue? Who were the contestants? What was the result of the battle?

17. Bring out the contrast between Brutus and Cassius by citing episodes from the narrative. In the argument between Cassius and Brutus over the slaying of Cæsar, which was right? Prove the statement that *in the discussions between Cassius and Brutus every point is decided and wrongly decided against Cassius' judgment.* Quote passages to show that at the last Cassius and Brutus acknowledged their error.

18. Describe the stage setting and the grouping of the following scenes: *The Midnight Meeting*, *The Assassination*, *The Thunderstorm*, *Over Cæsar's Body*, *The Tent Scene*, *The Ghost of Cæsar*, *The Parley*. Point out those which seem to you most tragic; most effective; most convincing.

19. Show that the chief effects of this drama are produced by the words of the actors, not by their actions.

20. Show that the plot of the drama is the fatal consequences of the assassination of Cæsar, and not the deed itself. If the deed alone were the plot, where would the drama have ended? How much of the play is the result of the thought that the *dæmon of Cæsar is avenging his murder?* Quote the lines which give Brutus' feelings on this subject.

21. Enumerate those scenes of the play which belong to the underplot, *i. e.*, Antony's efforts to succeed to Cæsar's power.

22. Collect the passages in which the actors of the narrative pay tribute to the greatness of Cæsar. What opinion as to his character do you derive from the conversation of Cæsar in the drama? In the scenes of the drama in which Cæsar plays an active part, does he impress you as "*the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times*"? Reconcile these inconsistencies, if, in your mind, any exist.

23. It is said that Brutus, not Cæsar, is the hero of

this drama. Give your opinion as to the truth of this statement. State whether or not your interest in the play decreases after the funeral of Cæsar.

24. What dramatic devices does Shakespeare use to heighten the effect of his tragedy? What part do women play in this drama? Cite six passages in the drama which seem to you to teach a moral lesson applicable to all times and conditions.

25. Using Brutus as the type, describe the Roman of Cæsar's day.

a friend

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